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George Washington Brown



A NON-PARTISAN
POLITICAL SATIRE
BY "VOX"
PRICE 25 CENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWN.

A

NON-PARTISAN POLITICAL SATIRE.

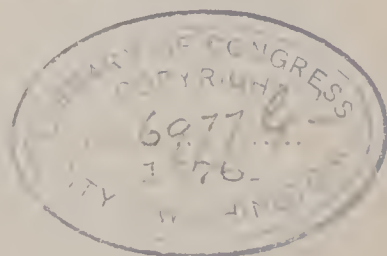
BY

“VOX.”

“Oh, for the swords of former time!
Oh, for the men who bore them;
When, arm'd for right, they stood, sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!”

“Who is here so vile that will not love his country?
If any, speak; for him have I offended.”

John Albert Brown



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GEORGE A. P. 1912

DEDICATION.

TO THE

WORKING MAN;

TO HIM WHO, BY HONEST SWEAT, EATS HONEST BREAD;

TO THE HARD-HANDED TOILER IN THE GREAT HIVE OF NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

THE BONE AND SINEW OF HIS COUNTRY;

THE GLORY AND THE BOAST OF ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS;

THE ARBITER OF FATE — THE TRUSTEE OF AN EXPRESS TRUST;

THE FOE OF CORRUPTION — THE FRIEND OF VIRTUE;

THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY;

TO HIM WHO HOLDS IN HIS UNFETTERED HAND THAT WHICH IS MIGHTIER
THAN A KING'S SCEPTRE,

THE BALLOT,

This little Volume is Respectfully Dedicated,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

“OUR HEROES.”

They were *faithful, steadfast, loyal,*
To their country's *sacred trust* ;
British gold, and bay'nets royal,
Valued they no more than *dust* !

Faithful, through the roar of battle ;
Steadfast, in the hour of peace ;
Loyal, till Death's warning rattle
Spake each spirit's glad release !

Lost to life, but linked to glory ;
Time, nor change, shall mar their fame ;
Lives in song each oft-told story ;
Lives in brass each well-known name !

Rest ! Rest in peace, ye martyr'd dead !
In marble tomb, or mossy grave ;
And reck not of the *sordid* brood
Who *rob* the land *ye died to save* !

Hide, Liberty, thy pallid face ;
Columbia, veil thy *burning* brow ;
The halls *those patriots* did pace
Are trod by *knaves* and *hucksters* now !

Why ! why should Freedom's *sacred* sod
Give root to such a *recreant* race ?
Up ! Up ! For Liberty and God !
And hurl each *ruffian* from his place !

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."



"THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY"

"THERE IS A WEAPON Surer YET,"

"AND STRONGER THAN THE BAYONET,"

"A WEAPON THAT COMES DOWN AS STILL"

"AS SNOW FLAKES FALL UPON THE SOD,"

"AND EXECUTES A FREEMAN'S WILL"

"AS LIGHTNING DOES THE WILL OF GOD."

GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWN;

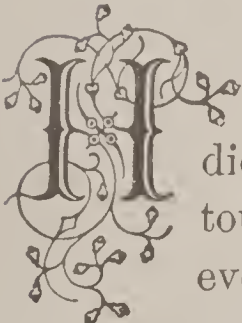
A NON-PARTISAN

POLITICAL SATIRE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS INFANCY.

“ Into this world we come like ships,
“ Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
“ For fortune fair or fatal.”

E was not an extraordinary infant, nor did any extraordinary event, nor portentous sign, herald his advent. He was not even a seven months' child; nor was he marked with mole or strawberry. He came into the world in the usual manner—cried, nursed, slept, as do other children, and was in no wise remarkable. One thing, however, about his arrival, might be noted, though certainly not without precedent in the neighborhood, which was that the identity of his paternal relative, was never fully established to the satisfaction of the neighbors.

Even his mother — the widow Brown — when closely questioned upon this subject, confessed to being slightly at a loss. She said, that having buried her husband some three years previously, she could not “*conceive how it had happened ;*” yet that *she had conceived* was evident; was it not, therefore, a clear case of *unconscious conception*. For want, then, of a better surname, our hero was dubbed “Brown;” and the widow, probably regarding him as a special “*Godsend*” to the country, christened him George Washington.

The maternal mansion was situated “up three flights, back,” in the classic region of Baxter street, New York, and the maternal Brown improved each shining hour and the family finances, by restoring gentlemen’s soiled linen to its pristine purity, for a pecuniary consideration.

Master Brown passed through all the trials and troubles incident to babyhood; had the mumps, measles, and chickenpock with charming regularity; made mud pies in the gutter, and carried his mother’s daily grog from the corner gin-mill, until he was eight years of age. About this time an event happened which materially changed his prospects in life, and this event was none other than the decease, intestate, of the maternal Brown.

She died suddenly, from an overdose of gin and water inadvertently taken; and George Washington Brown aforesaid, being the only living representative of the defunct matron, was adjudged the sole heir-at-law of her estate, both real and per-

"THE WIDOW BROWN" "SHE COULD NOT CONCEIVE HOW IT HAD HAPPENED"



sonal; the latter consisting of a wash tub, two sad-irons, and a straw tick; while the former was represented by a stunted rose bush in a broken pitcher.

Having soon squandered his inheritance in riotous living, Master Brown, thrown upon his own resources, determined upon reform, and with this view turned his attention to the dissemination of information among the masses, at three cents per copy. By patient industry and self-denying economy, he soon succeeded in retrieving his shattered fortunes, and became the proprietor of a "*French polishing emporium*" which, for convenience, he carried under his arm. It is needless to say that in his profession he proved himself a *shining* light; but, alas! prosperity is often harder to bear than adversity, and in an evil hour the "*demon of gambling*" took possession of his soul. At first, he was singularly successful in his ventures, and a very large proportion of the earnings of the whole fraternity of which he was a member, flowed in a steady stream into his pockets. Such is the manner in which this modern "*Circe*" ever deludes her victims. Reverses came, the tide set outwards, bankruptcy impended, and one day, our hero, driven by necessity, having unluckily borrowed a small sum of money from a sleeping man, without first taking the precaution to awaken him, the authorities were so charmed with his precocity, and so fully appreciated his inherent ability, that they invited him to spend a season at

their select boarding school upon "Randall's Island."

At this delightful summer resort, our hero learned to read, write, and play draw-poker; three almost indispensable accomplishments to a public man; particularly the latter, as the two former *may* be dispensed with, in fact have been *wholly unknown* to several very renowned politicians; *leaders* of their respective parties. While at this school he also made such good progress in "the noble art of self-defense," as to earn from his admiring companions the *sobriquet* of "Bully Brown;" and under this title the records show him to have been subsequently employed by the government in frequent expeditions to Sing Sing, and so ably did he always transact the business entrusted to him, that for several years he was very seldom out of a government job. At last he *rather unwillingly* took a ten years' government contract to manufacture shoes for the army, and removed to Albany.

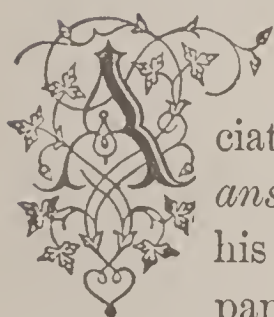
"THE DEMON OF GAMBLING" "A FORCED LOAN"



CHAPTER II.

HIS AMBITION IS AWAKENED, AND HE ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE.

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men,
“ Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;”



AT the State capital our hero was associated with several *once noted* “ *politicians* ” now also in the “ *shoe business*,” and his ambition being fired by their companionship, (though he was surprised to find them singularly reticent when in society), he determined to throw up his contract, return to New York, and enter the political arena. During his stay in Albany, however, so much had he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, that he dreaded to make known his determination, lest attempts should be made to dissuade him from his purpose. He also feared that the government might seek to enforce *special performance* of his contract, which was only half completed ; so keeping his own counsel, he quietly departed one evening without stopping to say good-bye to any one, even to his most intimate friends and admirers.

Having thoroughly disguised himself, he was not recognized upon his return to the city ; and dropping the nickname by which he had hitherto been known, and assuming his rightful title, he procured

a license to furnish "*liquid refreshments*" to the multitude upon the "European plan;" went into business, and shortly afterward announced himself upon posters, six feet by three, as follows:

 FOURTH WARD. 

ELECTORS TAKE NOTICE!

Vote for

GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWN!

The People's Candidate for

ALDERMAN!

 N. B.— Boys! come and see me! 

Uncertain as to the relative strength of the respective political parties, Mr. Brown wisely determined not to identify himself *too closely* with *either*, but by judicious action to conciliate *both*. He was "*all things to all men*." To republicans he was a republican; and among democrats none extolled democracy more highly. He was a universal favorite, and all united in pronouncing his "old Rye" the very best in the market. There was virtually no opposition; our friend was triumphantly elected, and soon afterward took his seat, along with a number of other patriots, to consult upon the interests of the city, and by judicious action to promote the welfare of its inhabitants.



"GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS"

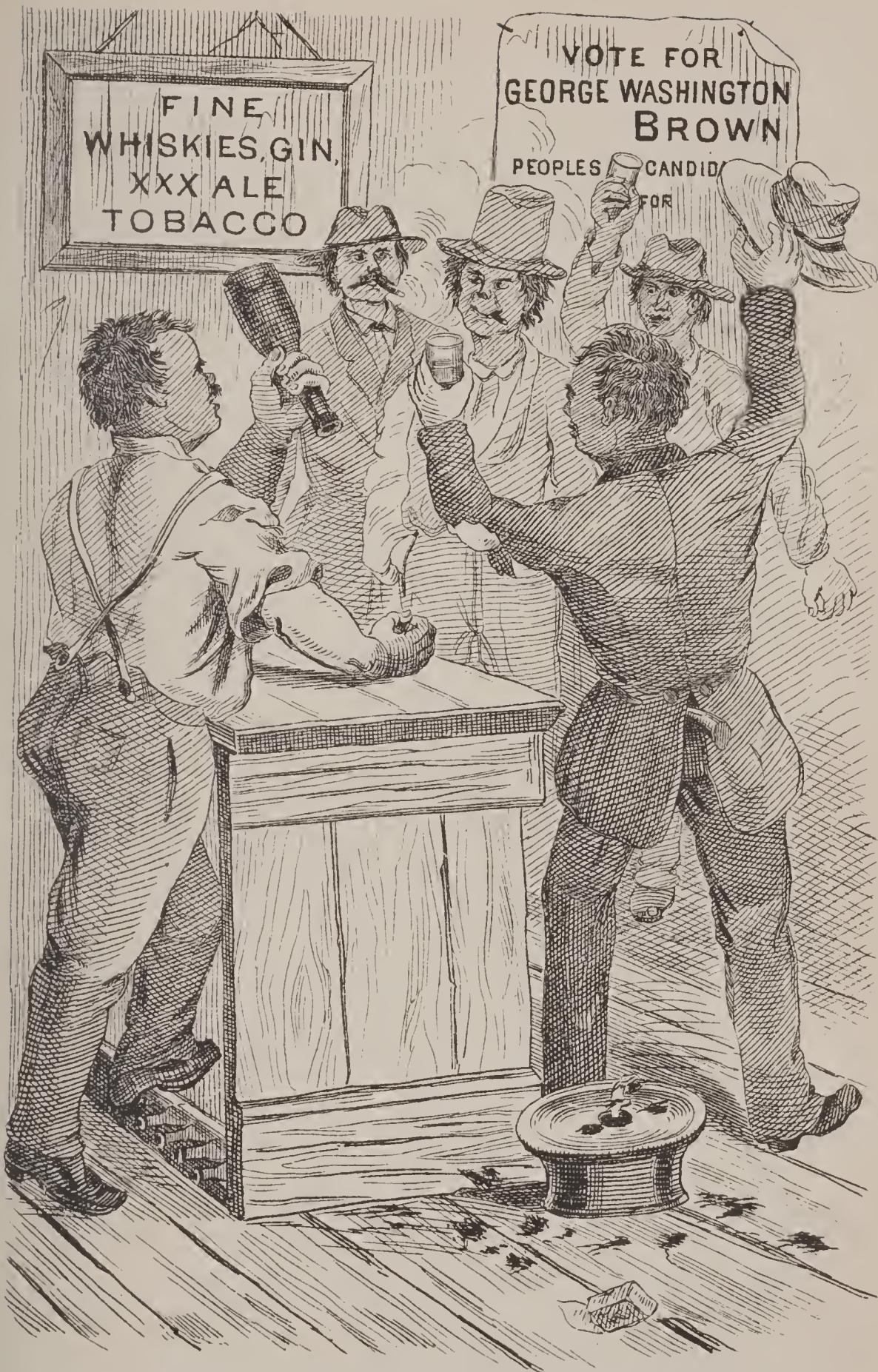
Like true philanthropists, and honest men that they were, our hero and his comrades at once set to work to redeem the promises made to their constituents before election, and to provide the laboring classes with remunerative employment. To this end they planned numerous public improvements, and being all possessed with the same laudable determination to benefit the masses, every thing worked harmoniously. To insure success in these undertakings, the contracts were divided among the members of the aldermanic body, and as the joint object was not only to benefit the people, but also to improve the city, the appropriations were *fairly liberal*. So energetic was our hero in the prosecution of this great and good work, and so utterly forgetful of his own interests, that he actually undertook a large number of the contracts himself, and it has even been whispered, (though our friend has ever modestly denied the charge), that *fearing they might fall into improper hands*, he used influence and spent money from his own private resources, to obtain them for *himself*, and thus insure their proper performance.

From time to time, the estimates made, were found to be wholly insufficient, and just so often did our hero and his co-laborers, heroically meet, and self-sacrificingly vote, further, and larger appropriations, to be paid from the city treasury.

The work progressed, slowly, to be sure; *too slowly*, some grumblers said; but who can satisfy all? The history of "*The old man and his ass*," is in

point. Our friend Brown kept right on, and heeded not the fault-finders. “*The hand of the diligent maketh rich,*” and so infinite were the resources of our hero, that while conducting public enterprises that would have crushed most persons, he yet found time to amass a snug little fortune of his own, during his first term of office. “*God helps those who help themselves,*” and George Washington Brown ever held it a sacred maxim, that while a man’s *first* duty is to *his country*, his *second*, and not less important duty, is to *himself*, and to *his family*; therefore when not employed in *helping the public*, he did not scruple to *help himself*, and *the Almighty helping him likewise*; he was *twice helped* and prospered accordingly.

What wonder, then, that such a great, good, and public spirited man should be *re-elected*?



"BOYS - COME AND SEE ME"


CHAPTER III.

HE AIMS HIGHER AND STRIKES WITHIN THE RING.

“ All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis ! ”

“ All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor ! ”

“ All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king hereafter. ”

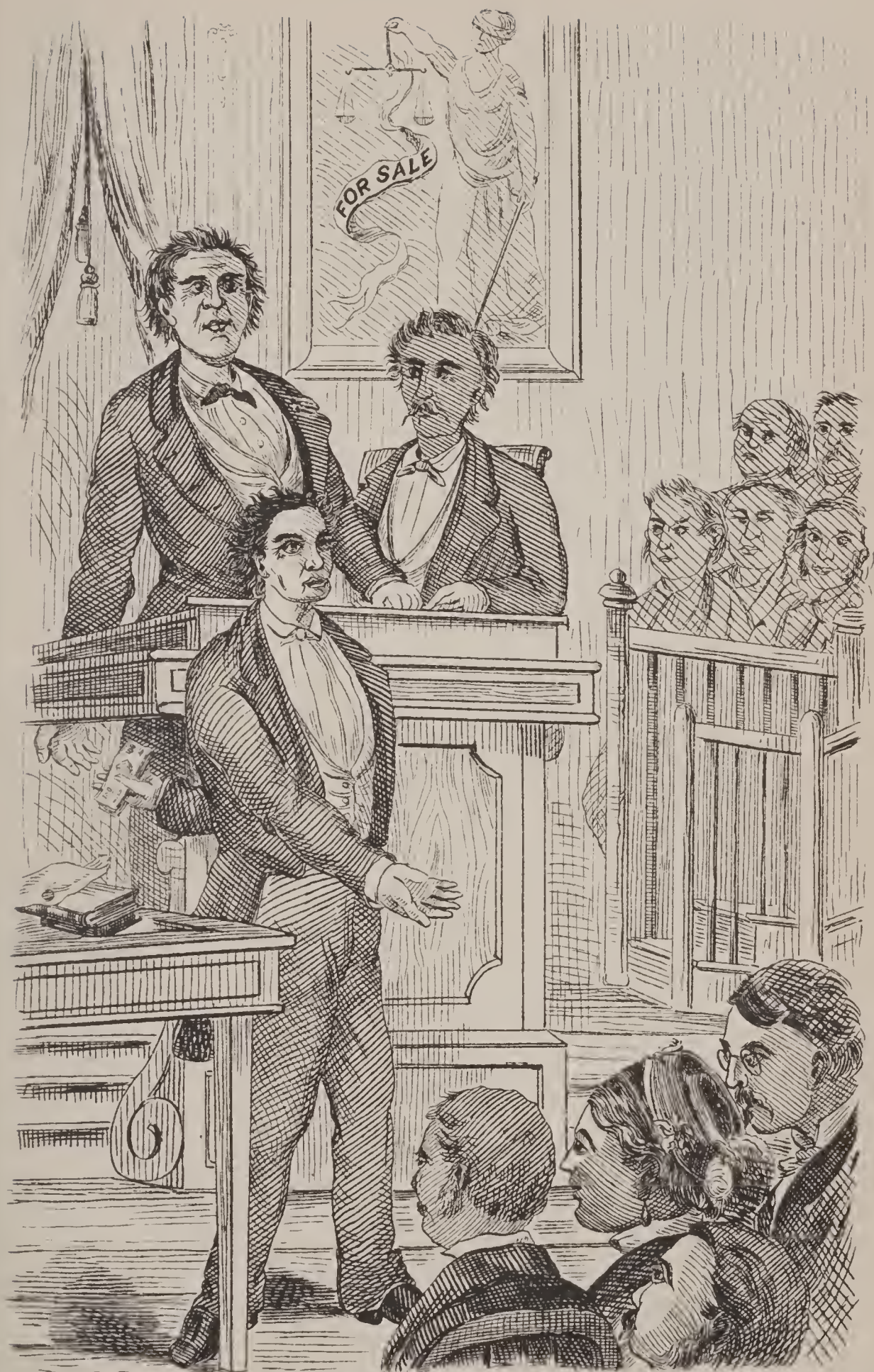
 HE position of alderman in a great city is very well in its way, and would satisfy *some* natures, but not that of our hero. Macedonia could not contain Alexander ; France could not contain Napoleon ; nor could New York city contain George Washington Brown. The routine of aldermanic duty afforded not sufficient scope for his genius. What is genius ? It is a drop of dew ; at morning, enclosed in the tiny chalice of a flower ; at noon, permeating all space ! It is a breath ; drawn by an infant, expelled by a Cicero ! It is a speck of ink upon a quill point, which shall startle the world ! It is the latent fire in a fagot, which shall destroy the universe !

Our hero was cramped ; he sighed for room ; he longed for other, and greater enterprizes ; he burned to become the chosen representative of a great state, of a great nation ; to be the servant, nay the *slave* of the people, so self-sacrificing was this man.

He ran successively for the offices of treasurer,

comptroller, mayor, and was elected to each; he studied law, was admitted to practice *without examination*, and within six months afterward was elected to the Supreme court bench, and there rendered judicial decisions with the same grace and elegance which had marked his political harangues to the voters of the fourth ward, when congregated around his bar. True, some insignificant and low-minded suitors complained that his judgments savoured *little of law*, and *less of equity*; but here again the history of "*the old man and his ass*" is applicable; and "*people will talk.*" The large railroad corporations; the steamship companies; monopolists of every kind; all favored him; and he was earnestly supported by the "*free, independent, and enlightened press*" representing "*the party*" which had elected him. What more could be wished? True, "*the opposition*" press sometimes questioned, how, upon a salary of ten thousand dollars per annum, one hundred thousand dollars could be invested yearly in real estate, and a handsome margin left for other purposes; but this was only another instance of the prying curiosity of some ignorant and narrow-minded people. The character of the honorable gentleman was above reproach. Between his Honor Judge George Washington Brown, in his carriage or opera box, and "Bully Brown," of the fourth ward, at Randall's island, or Sing Sing, all identity was lost; the one was a *mere grub*; the other a *gorgeous butterfly*.

Offices and honors heaped themselves, as it were,



"A MODEL JUDGE" "FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM"

upon him ; he had but to pick and choose. Not only city, but State offices were thrust upon him ; for was he not the people's friend and champion ? The doors of the wealthy opened to him, and he was made an honorary member of all the societies. He was courted and flattered. Even *thus* is *virtue* ever rewarded : then who would not be *virtuous* ? If any there be, put him out ; he is not worthy the name of "*man*," much less the title of "*statesman*."

Sent to the State legislature, our friend fully maintained his previous reputation. His speeches were reported by eager stenographers, and read by *more* eager constituents. *True* to his principles, but *considerate* to all, he listened with patience to the lobbyists, while they unfolded their schemes ; but in *no instance* was he ever known to favor any bill, diverting public funds to private uses, unless he was firmly convinced that *the welfare of the people* demanded its passage. The arguments used to bring about this state of mind were said to be *weighty*, and sometimes *somewhat peculiar* ; in fact much the same kind of arguments propounded by wealthy suitors, when the worthy gentleman presided upon the bench. The laws which he moved, and carried through the first, second, and third readings, with scarcely a dissenting voice from his admiring fellows, were marvels of erudition, and of *self-sacrificing devotion to the people's good*. But why speak of them ? Are they not all written in the volumes of the Revised

Statutes, and do they not there stand as proud monuments of the *patriotism* and *humanity* of *this devoted man*?

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT IS A REPUBLIC?

“Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.”

“Think not *I am* what *I appear*.”



WHAT is a republic? The answer is ready cut and dried, and comes *pat* from a thousand lips at once,—“It is a state where ‘*the people*’ are paramount; where ‘*the people*’ rule.” Right, with this trifling amendment — “It is a state where *politicians* are paramount, and where *parties* rule.”

O, thou poor innocent “*Bumpkin*,” who thoughtest thou wast exercising the God-given and blood-bought privilege, of a free and independent citizen, under a republican form of government; when, at the recent election, dressed in thy Sunday-best, thou attendedst town, and voted for John Smith, as county treasurer. Little didst thou think, poor “*Bumpkin*,” as thou proudly droppedst thy ballot in the box, that *thou wast but fulfilling the behests of thy masters, the politicians*; and that John Smith, and Bill Jones, his opponent, were but *puppets in their hands*.

Here stand the respective candidates, and there is no other choice. You must either choose between them, or lose your vote. *Both* may be *equally incompetent, equally distasteful* to you ; but you have *no remedy*. They may be, and very probably, *you well know by dear experience they are, both rogues*, but *where* is your redress ? They were both regularly nominated at the county conventions of their respective parties, by delegates, *presumably elected* at the primaries, *but in reality appointed, by the party magnates who rule those fountain heads of political corruption and intrigue* ; and who, having control of *the spring*, take good care also to keep control of *all streams* which flow out of it ; from the *tiny rill* of a police justiceship, to the *great river* of the chief magistracy of the nation ; allowing no craft, either small or great, to venture out upon *these reeking political slums*, unless bearing *their* credentials ; sailing under *their* colors ; manned by *their* seamen ; and bound to *their* interests. *The politicians* run the political auction. “ *Here are two magnificent animals for sale — an elephant and a tiger — which will you have ?* ” You know well that each has already killed *a dozen* keepers, and has ruined every owner in succession ; and you tremblingly suggest, that you “ do not care for *either* ; you want *a horse* to help with your spring ploughing.” “ Bah, Greeny ! this is not a *livery stable* ; we don’t deal in *horses* ; *they* are out of date. Come !

HELP! HELP! THEY MURDER LIBERTY



"THE POLITICAL AUCTION" "YOU PAY YOUR MONEY, AND YOU TAKE YOUR CHOICE;"

choose quick, or we shall choose for you, and *you shall foot the bill.*"

"*Flip the penny — quick !*" — "*now choose ;*"

"Heads !" "*We win*" — (or) — "Tails !" "*You lose.*"

So swallowing your chagrin, as best you can, you bid on the elephant, take him home, and soon find, that though he *wont plough*, he *will eat*, and in a short time you are bankrupt.

What is a political party ?

Some one has defined "*society*" to be an aggregation of *rogues* and *fools* ; (each individual alternating, between the two characters, as circumstances suggest — *rogue* to-day, *fool* to-morrow, or *vice versa*) ; together with perhaps a very slight percentage of *honest wise men*, who, however, *very rarely* come to the surface, and in consequence are but little known, being '*deep sea pearls.*'"

Assuming this definition of "*society*" to be about right, we now graft upon it the following :—*An ordinary political party is a gigantic "close corporation" or "ring" with an average proportion of, say a hundred "knaves" to a million "noodles."* There is always, of course, also a slight diffused spattering of really *reliable, capable* men, but as *they very rarely come to the front*, but generally submit tamely, in common with the "*noodle*" majority, to the rule of the "*knave*" minority, they may as well be counted in with the former. The average "*party campaigner*," (or "*Ranter*"), is the mouthpiece of the *party trumpet*. His duty is

to bamboozle and amuse the *party* “*noodles*” ; to make converts, if possible, from the *opposition* “*noodles*,” and with sound and fury to drown the noise of the drill, with which his comrades are meanwhile endeavoring to break open the public treasury. If the rules of heraldry were followed, his typical emblem would be, “*The Devil rampant, shaving a squealing pig, couchant*,” and his motto : “*More noise than wool*.”

When will the “*noodles*” learn to realize the fact that “*party*” signifies neither more nor less, than, “*the madness of many for the gain of a few?*”




"CREST OF THE POLITICAL RANTER."

"MORE NOISE THAN WOOL."

CHAPTER V.

HE TRIES AGAIN, AND TOUCHES THE INNER CIRCLE.

“Glamis thou art,” and Cawdor; and shalt be
“What thou art promised!”

AVING served his ward, his city, and his country, in the able manner described, what more natural, than that our hero should seek to serve the State at large? Why should a mighty river capable of watering *a continent*, be used to irrigate only *a single farm*? Why should the glorious sun be monopolized by *a few*, when his effulgent beams are meant for *all*? Reasoning thus, our friend determined to offer himself as a candidate for election as Governor; *the welfare of the people demanded the sacrifice*, and “*salus populi suprema lex.*”

Under such circumstances, who will deny that our hero was justified in using all *reasonable* means to secure his end.

Napoleon usually addressed his soldiers as “*Mes enfants*,” and always treated them as the *merest children*. George Washington Brown regarded the masses in much the same way. Now, the management of children is a task at once pleasing, difficult, and peculiar. To be successful, *firmness* is

necessary, and also, above *all* things, *tact*. A certain amount of pardonable *deceit* is also sometimes indispensable. For example, — when little “Tot” inquires where the baby came from, she is informed that the doctor brought it in his pocket; and when Willie asks his father the meaning of certain scriptural passages, he receives an answer about as trustworthy. Is this not right? Then who will blame our hero, if while professing the utmost candor to “the free and independent voters of the State,” he was not *always quite candid*?

The first thing in order was a nomination. The maxim “A good start is half the race,” will apply equally well to the running of candidates for office, as to the running of horses. Our hero proceeded to select the party which appeared most likely to elect their man, and at once put himself in correspondence with the “*magnates*.” The first requisite in cases of this kind is “*money down*,” and our friend lost no time in “*planking*” the required amount; at the same time binding himself to furnish certain further sums as required. In return, he was insured “the nomination” and the support of “*the party*.” Next in order were “*primaries*.” These were at once held; and delegates *previously designated by the magnates and whose credentials were already signed*, were declared “*elected*” to “the convention.”

O! “Verdant!” *Little* dost thou know of politics, if thou hast never attended a “*primary*;” less, if thou hast never visited a “*convention*!”

Could'st thou but see how the voices and votes of the *mighty few*, outcount and overrule the voices and votes of the *feeble many*, then would'st thou realize, how Horatius and his two companions successfully withstood the whole Tuscan army; and how "one man shall put a thousand to flight!" "The ticket" long before determined upon by the party magnates, was duly nominated, and the name of "George Washington Brown" appeared at the head.

But in the meantime "*the opposition*" had not been idle. *They also*, had held primaries; had "*elected*"(?) delegates; had called a convention; and had nominated a candidate. *Another patriot; another lover of his country; with equal claims to the people's regard; and with an equally long purse;* was opposed to our hero. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;" and when *Gods* engage in battle, what can *mortals* do, but look on and tremble?

Political speeches were in order. Our hero, his opponent, and their respective friends, "stumped the State," from end to end, and from corner to corner. No weapon was *too mighty*, and none *too mean*, with which to assail the enemy. Their respective parties, headed and represented by the "*free and independent press*" upon each side, joined in the *mêlée*. Heads were broken, hearts laid bare, houses unroofed, and confusion reigned supreme. Fortunately for our hero, his identity with "Bully Brown of the fourth ward" had long

since been buried in oblivion, and though enterprising reporters of both parties waited upon him daily for scraps of his personal history, with which to regale the public, he was *singularly forgetful* of all matters pertaining to his early life. To his record as an alderman of the city, as mayor, treasurer, comptroller, judge of the supreme court, member of assembly, and State senator, he repeatedly called attention, and *challenged comment*. But as to his *earlier* history, his mind was somewhat obscured. "I am a child of the people," he was wont to say, when questioned as to his origin; and when we consider *the uncertainty expressed by his mother as to his paternity*, was he not justified in this reply?

As election day approached, our hero redoubled his efforts. His speeches were models of oratory, and patriotic enthusiasm, and their effect was *magical*. The men shouted and stamped, the women melted into tears, or were borne out in hysterics. It was a genuine "*political revival*," and already signs of disaffection were visible in "*the opposition*" ranks.

In the "*pools*," "George Washington Brown" sold "ten to one," and the "*field*" was nowhere, being made up only of "temperance," "independent," and such like "*trash*." "*The party*" newspapers spoke of nothing but Brown; his record, his speeches, his fame, and flung sneers at "*the opposition*" press, which, plainly foreseeing his probable return, and wishing to conciliate, already modified

their tone. They did not quite give up the battle, but took every occasion to speak praisingly of him, as "one eminently fitted for the position, were he but of *our party*." "Brown" socials; "Brown" fairs; "Brown" hops; "Brown" waltzes; were all the rage. The ladies dressed in brown, and their poodles were dyed to match their dresses, while the men wore brown favors in their button-holes, and wiped their noses upon brown silk handkerchiefs. Brown hair or brown eyes were a fortune to the lucky possessor, and a brown mole upon the nose, made a lady the envy of her sex. The name of Brown was considered more honorable than the most ancient heraldic bearings, and the fortunate possessor, (no matter what his or her position or past history,) had the *entrée* to the very best society, and could pick and choose a partner for life. Brown swans, and brown black-birds, were advertised by all the shows, and a man who invented "brown blacking" made an independent fortune. Brown was the fashion, the style, the rage; in fact "*the thing*;" and the whole country seemed suddenly to have become snuff colored; the very trees sympathizing with the prevailing mania.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei*." What *man* determines, the *fates* decree. George Washington Brown was returned as "*Governor*" of from the "Empire State," by an overwhelming majority.

Great was the universal congratulation. The news was flashed across the country, from town to town, from State to State, upon a thousand wires.

It was thundered into the ears with cannon, it was blazed into the eyes with fire-works, and wafted into the nose with smoke. The streets were illuminated; troops marched, bands played, the people thronged, and there was general rejoicing. "*The party*" press exulted in spread eagles and crowing cocks, while "*the opposition*" papers admitted that the gentleman elected, was, without doubt, "a pure-minded patriot, though holding *some very erroneous political views.*" In fact, their tone was now decidedly *mild* and *conciliatory* rather than *defiant* and *ensorious*, as it had been early in the campaign, before the strength and resources of our hero had been fully disclosed. This change in tone was not lost, however, upon "*the party*" press, which openly accused their opponents of seeking to secure a portion of the government patronage, and reminding them, that, "*To the victors belong the spoils.*" What sentiment could be more just?

As *Governor*, our friend proved himself a model of executive ability and irreproachable integrity. His signature was never attached to any bill, without mature reflection and (a) *good consideration*. His "*veto*" was never exercised unless *weighty reasons* existed therefor. But alas! The same restless desire to *benefit the people*, which had placed him in the Governor's chair, still haunted him. He determined that not only the people of *one State* but *the Nation at large* should profit by his exertions. His first term as Governor had barely expired, when he was duly returned to Congress — a "*United States Senator.*"

CHAPTER VI.

HE FURTHER DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF, AND AIMS FOR THE BULL'S EYE.


"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

"It were done quickly."

"I have no spur

"To prick the sides of my intent, but only

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself."

N Congress our hero still further distinguished himself. His party had a majority in both houses, and *he* was its acknowledged leader. His word was law; his little finger was heavier than a king's sceptre. He made, and he unmade. He appointed to office, and he revoked the appointment. Men fawned upon him; feared him, and hated him—but obeyed him. Thus do mighty minds rule the masses; but woe to the lion-king if he heedlessly turn his back, even for an instant, upon his crouching slaves.

The party whip, skillfully wielded, will usually preserve order, and quell turbulent spirits; but at times it has proved wholly ineffectual, and in such an emergency, he who holds it had better be *girt with brass, and covered with triple steel*.

Fortune still smiled upon our hero, and flung her favors at his feet. Wealth rolled into his cof-

fers. His fame as a statesman and patriot, of the purest and most exalted type, was on everybody's lips. He ate of the fat of the land; drank wines of the noblest vintage; and slept on the softest down. There was but one higher rung upon the political ladder; and though he already controlled the action of the present occupant, he determined *himself* to mount the apex.

Patriotism breeds ambition. Love of country frequently begets love of self. An inordinate desire to benefit the race, very often takes the form of benefit to the individual. Why not? Is he not part and parcel of the race? Inventions, which have made men famous as benefactors of their kind, have usually paid handsome dividends; or, at least, were *expected* to do so, by the inventors.

We mean by this, to cast no reflection upon the motives of our worthy friend and hero, George Washington Brown; for was not *his* record before the world, and was he not proclaimed by the popular voice to be a *pure and disinterested patriot and statesman*? True, he had spent large sums of money upon his election to his present position; and *true again*, that he was many hundred thousand dollars better off now, than when elected; but did not *the former* go to show *the disinterested patriotism of a great mind*, anxious at any cost to serve the people? and did not *the latter* go to prove his *extraordinary ability*, whereby he was enabled, not only to guide the *ship of state* safely

and prosperously over the perilous quicksands of time, but also to manage *his own little craft* as well, and keep *her* running in the same track?

A few grumblers, (there are always such), did complain, because *taxes* were much *higher*, and *government securities* much *lower*, than before our hero went into office, and because *the public debt* had *doubled* during the same period; but then these were persons of *no importance in political circles*, and were soon silenced by a reference to the *good crops*, the *mild winters*, and the *freedom from grasshoppers in the West*, which last, under the former administration, had threatened to ruin the farmers. Did not *these benefits* constitute a *good return*, even if *taxes* were high? What matter if *government bonds* were depreciated in foreign markets, so long as *greenbacks* were plentiful at home? *Are we not a great nation, and cannot we whip the world?*

Still fired with patriotic zeal, our friend now determined to sacrifice himself and his prospects still further in the interests of the people, and to enter the lists for the "presidential cup." The "White House" was the goal upon which his eyes were fixed, and toward which his aspirations tended. The present occupant had been placed there principally by his influence, and was now simply his tenant at will, his tool, his creature, his slave. He wrote from our hero's dictation, and spoke *his* sentiments: he appointed *his* nominees to office, and obeyed *his* nod; he was the puppet, and

jumped when our friend pulled the strings ; in a word, George Washington Brown was the “*power behind the throne*.”

Which is best, to be a *king*, or a “*king maker* ?” Surely a *king*, say we, and so thought our patriot. He despised his minion, and had long since determined to oust him, and take his place. Who would remain *prompter* behind the scenes, when he might, if he so desired, *act high tragedy* before the foot-lights ? Who among us is willing to be regarded as “*second fiddle*,” when in fact *leading the orchestra* ?

Ambition, (like fire), is a *good servant*, but a *bad master*. Macbeth, when Macbeth *only*, was a brave soldier, and probably a virtuous man, (*as men go* ;) as thane of Glamis and Cawdor, he sighed for Duncan’s crown, and stooped to *base* means to obtain his end. Robespierre was an effeminate boy, and wrote love-sonnets in his youth. Nero and Caligula each began their respective reigns with acts of clemency. Napoleon was as harmless to the peace of Europe when storming mud forts with his play-fellows at school, as when immured in St. Helena. It is *the intoxication of power* that turns men’s wits. He who can walk a ship’s *deck* in safety, cannot always mount the *cross-tree* with impunity. At the best, human nature is but weak, and the purest man, after all, is but mortal. Unless the Jewish historian libelled our worthy ancestress, (and surely “*the meekest man that ever lived*” was much *too meek* for that), *Satan was Eve’s first love* ; and her

descendants stand condemned in consequence, ever to bear upon their escutcheons the “*bend sinister*” of his satanic majesty.

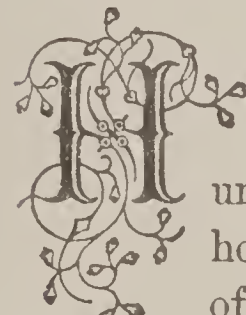
CHAPTER VII.

THE "MODUS OPERANDI."

"I profess me thy friend. *Put money in thy purse.*"

"Defeat thy favour with a usurped beard; *I say, put money in thy purse.*"

"These Moors are changeable in their wills;—*fill thy purse with money.*"

AVING so long held the reins of government, it will be very readily understood that our hero was not without hosts of friends and backers, in all parts of the country. His first care upon gaining control of the government patronage, had been to discharge from office all persons not of "*the party*," or who he had any reason to believe might object to submit blindly in all things to his dictation, and the positions thus made vacant he had at once filled with people firmly bound to his interests by various ties.

Some one has defined "*Gratitude*" to be, "*a lively sense of benefits to come.*" The definition is good; we accept it; and along side of it let us note down this truism, which is applicable to a very large class of persons: *If you wish to transform a passive friend into an active enemy, load him with benefits.*

Another sure mode to make a person detest you,

is to suffer an unprovoked injury at his hands. *If one man maliciously, and without cause, injures another, he hates his victim ever after.* Why these things *are*, we do not pretend to say, it is enough that they really exist, and are quite patent and well-known to the most superficial observer of human nature. We claim no merit of discovery. *Man is an anomaly, a conundrum*, and as such we do not pretend either to *classify him* or to *solve him*. In our humble opinion he belongs to *no class*, and is capable of *no solution*.

A national election differs only from a State or county election in this, that there are more men to be "*seen*." Do we mean that there are more men to be regarded by the *physical eye* of the candidate? No, we mean this. Each prominent member of the party, in every State, in every county, in every assembly district, must be regarded with "*the eye of faith*," and his necessities carefully noted. Thus the candidate for president, or governor, or assemblyman, or alderman, as the case may be, becomes for the time being an ardent philanthropist, the father, so to speak (*or step-father*), of — his country, his State, his county, or his ward. He affectionately inquires into the necessities of all his "*dear friends*," the politicians, and relieves them in such an underhand, quiet, unostentatious way, that "*he letteth not his right hand know what his left hand doeth*." True Philanthropy ever veils her face. Thus, in politics a man is usually "*seen*" through a friend,

the philanthropic candidate for office remaining in the background. The needs of all will not of course be the same, and the plastic hand of the political philanthropist must constantly adapt itself to the peculiar necessities of each individual case. Only a comparatively few need *immediate pecuniary assistance*, but nearly *all* want "*office*," where by *honest labor*, and *self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the people*, they may earn a *decent subsistence for themselves and their families*. Of course, all benefits of this nature must necessarily be "*in futuro*," and *contingent*.

We have before said that a sure way to transform a *passive friend* into an *active enemy*, is to *place him under obligation*. Political philanthropists confer no *favours*, and therefore make no enemies in this way. The moneys paid out by them are for the benefit of "*the party*," and are used to advance the interests of "*the party*." All politicians, high and low, being without exception, philanthropists and honest men, *no accounts* are ever required or rendered. The offices promised (in event of success), are all *now contingent*, but *then vested rights*, and has not a man an undeniable claim to what is his own? "*To the victors belong the spoils*." Who then will deny the right of the victors to enter upon and enjoy their property?

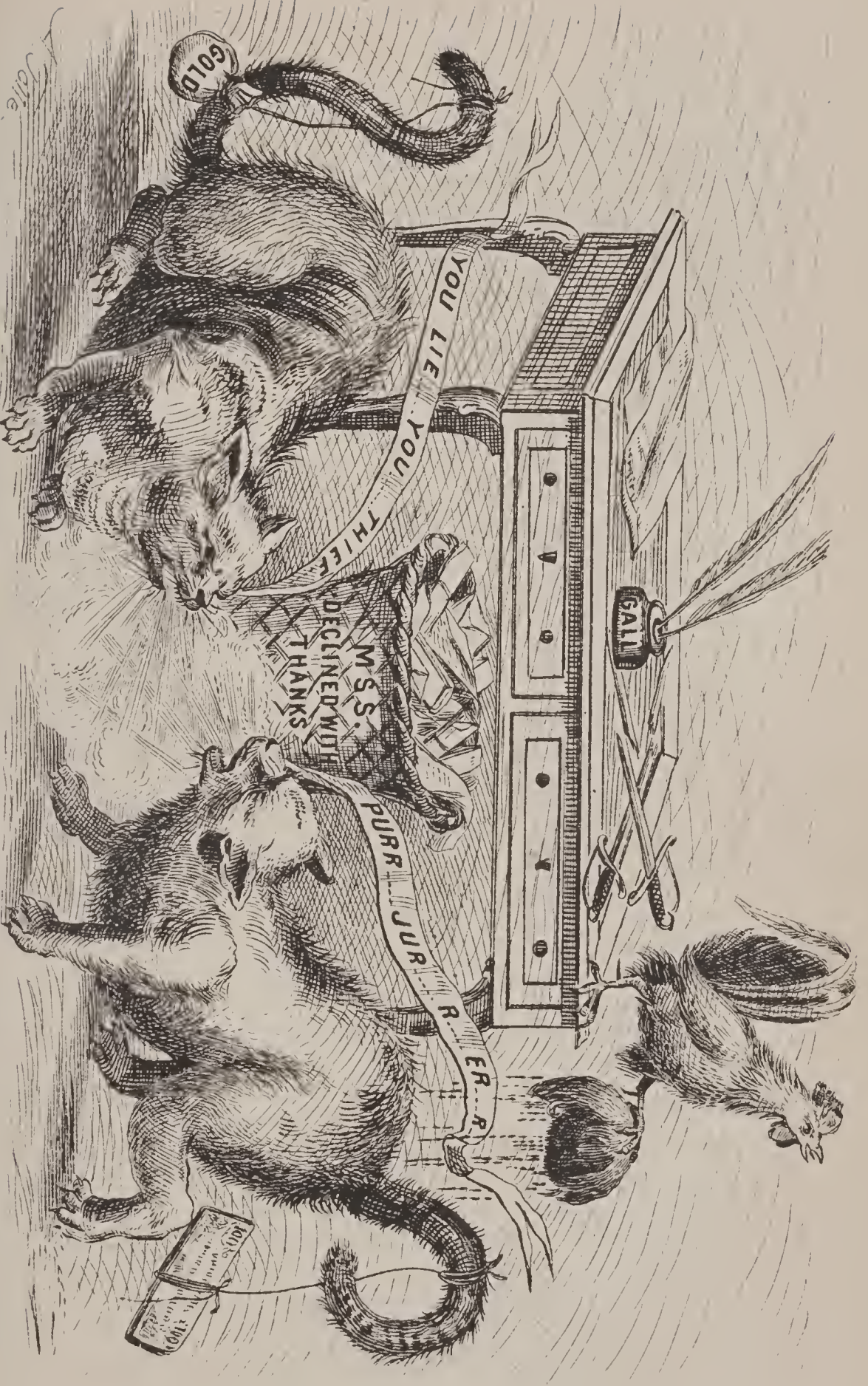
These offices, being as we have said, *now purely contingent*, the would-be incumbent naturally wishes that *the contingency* may come to pass. "*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the*

evidence of things not seen." Thus the *promisee* of a political office ever has the most implicit *faith* in the *virtue, patriotism* and *ability* of his *promisor*.

To be successful in a political campaign, it is necessary that the "*free, independent and enlightened press*" of "*the party,*" should favor the candidate. Are not the public journals the acknowledged censors of public morals—the protectors of public virtue? *Is not the pen mightier than the sword,* and the printing press *more powerful* than all modern instruments of warlike destruction combined? Are not all editors, like all politicians, notably good and pure men, wedded to the public welfare, and brimming over with enthusiastic patriotism? Are they not, each and all of them, genuine modern Sir Galahads, *virtuous to an extreme, and brave to desperation?* Do they not crouch in their respective sanctums, like hungry lions at midday, writing *scathing* articles upon anybody and everybody, while their reporters go about the streets seeking whom they may devour? Is not the following a true and faithful description of their emblem or crest? "*In the foreground two ferocious "Thomas-Cats" "rampant," distilling gout of gore and venom, from their rapacious fangs; in the back ground, two swords "dormant," broken and badly rusted; upon the right a crowing cock, grasping a reeking scalp-lock in his talons; and upon the left, a basket of rejected manuscript, labelled — 'Declined with thanks.'*" And have they not

appropriated the motto of old Scotia — “*Nemo me impune lacessit ?*” And do they not “*pitch in*” for a scrimmage, upon the very slightest provocation ? *Yea, verily !*

There are several modes of obtaining favor with the press, but that most in vogue among politicians can be explained in two words, namely : “*Government printing.*” Woe to the unlucky wight, who dares to offer a *pecuniary bribe* to an editor, hoping *thereby* to secure his political influence. But a suggestion, that the editor would confer a *benefit upon the country, by accepting a post of trust and profit under the government*, is sure to fan into instant flame all those smouldering fires of patriotism, which notably occupy every editorial bosom ! Or an intimation that the candidate has control of certain government contracts for printing, to be disposed of upon *liberal terms* (government work is always paid for *liberally*), will ever *at least command attention*, and will frequently cause the “knight of the quill” to form a remarkably favorable impression of the *ability* and *worth* of his interlocutor. The impression thus formed will most probably display itself upon the following morning, and ever afterward (*so long as the printing lasts, or the office holds out*), in “double headers” and brilliant editorials. Should the printing contract come to an end, however, or the services of the aforesaid knight be dispensed with, the tone of the editorials is very apt to change completely, and the public are informed, in still larger capitals, that



CREST OF THE PARTY PRESS. "NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT";

"we have been grossly deceived in this man, he is a low-minded political demagogue, a base ruffian, a contemptible renegade, a villain of the deepest dye," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. The importance therefore to a candidate for election to a political office, of conciliating "*the press*," will at once be recognized.

George Washington Brown, having passed twenty years in politics, was now pretty well posted upon all matters connected therewith. He was *no green-horn*; in popular parlance, "*he knew the ropes*." Long before the convention met, his name was canvassed all over the country by "*the party*" papers. He had been already so long, and so frequently before the people, that there was really nothing *new* to tell about "*his patriotism*," and "*his self-sacrificing devotion to the public weal*," etc., but all this was again and again repeated, and a special corps of reporters dogged his footsteps wherever he went, making notes of what he said, how he looked, what he ate, what he drank, in fact every thing he did. The veriest *minutiæ* of his everyday life, was served up daily to the public in the newspapers, and upon bulletin boards. *His cold in the head*, was the subject of melancholy comment for a week, at the stock exchange, and there was a perceptible fall in government securities in consequence, while upon the occasion of his visit to a celebrated *chriopodist* to have *an ingrowing nail removed*, the people were wild with excitement, extras were published every half hour, and *prayers*

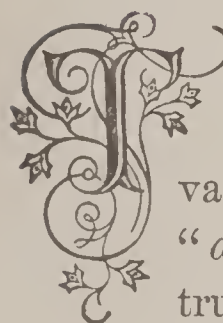
for his safe recovery were offered in all the churches. The fates were propitious; the operation was successfully performed, and once more the people breathed freely, only to be thrown into renewed paroxysms by the news that their idol was suffering from a severe attack of colic, brought on by eating two freely of *green cucumbers*. This story, however, proved to be a *canard*, and the wretched reporter who invented it, together with the compositor who set it up, both suffered the penalty of their crime; *they were immediately lynched by the infuriated populace*.

In due time the party convention met, and after a little preliminary skirmishing (*which always takes place, though it never means any thing, but serves to bamboozle the people*), our hero was nominated by acclamation for the office of "President of the United States."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT IS A PARTY CONVENTION ?

“ O, Nature ! what hadst thou to do in Hell,
“ When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
“ In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
“ Was ever book containing such vile matter
“ So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
“ In such a gorgeous palace ! ”

 HE office of a party convention is not only to nominate a candidate for the vacant political post, but also to draw up “*a platform*” which may serve as a rostrum for the party orators who shall “*stump*” the country in favor of such candidate.

This “*platform*” must be carefully constructed to meet all needs, in all parts of the field, and must be composed of “*planks*” sufficient to accommodate the chairs of all the presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries, who are supposed to preside at political meetings, and whose names, the following morning, fill an entire sheet of the party paper ; being generally an exact copy, in full, of the town directory ; *females, and boys under sixteen years, only excluded.*

In case of shipwreck, these “*planks*” also serve to bring the remnants of the party to shore, where, having dried their clothes at the blazing fire of

“*party reform*,” they are at liberty to reorganize, and try it again. In view of these facts it will be readily understood that the construction of a proper “*platform*” is a matter of the gravest consideration in political circles; and as the inhabitants of each State favor the timber growing within their own limits, and despise all other kinds of wood, the task is one of no small difficulty. The problem is usually solved, however, by selecting one board from each lot offered, and having spiked them together with iron resolutions, and gummed them over with “*Buncombe*” pitch; the whole is covered with the stars and stripes; and surmounted by a spread eagle, with the national motto grasped between his talons. The whole party then crowd aboard; the platform is launched upon the stormy sea of a political campaign, and away they go, to *victory*, or — *otherwise*.

The following is a copy in full, of “*the platform*” adopted by the convention which nominated George Washington Brown for the presidency, and which will be seen to have contained twenty “*planks*” or resolutions. The first, (as was eminently fitting), being a “*confession of faith*”; the last a patriotic tribute to the “*bird of freedom*.” (N. B. The brackets form no part of the original resolutions, but are merely inserted here to explain their real meaning, as understood by the members of the convention.)

THE PARTY PLATFORM.

- (1.) We believe in "*the party*." There is no true party, but *one party*, and that is "*our party*."
- (2.) We believe in the republican form of government. For the people; of the people; and by the people. (*For our party; of our party; and by our party.*)
- (3.) We love the laboring classes, (*and would fain squeeze them.*)
- (4.) We favor a free press; (*which shall speak our sentiments.*)
- (5.) We favor a free and independent judiciary; (*nominated and elected by us, and dependent upon us.*)
- (6.) We believe in the inviolability of the provisions of the constitution; (*except when party interests demand their infringement.*)
- (7.) We believe in the paramount supremacy of law. (*Under party discipline and direction.*)
- (8.) We favor an independent vote. (*Under the direction and control of our party whip.*)
- (9.) We are opposed to intimidation at the polls. (*Except in extreme cases.*)
- (10.) We despise bribery. (*When practised by the opposition.*)
- (11.) Let no voter cast more than one vote; (*in each ward.*)
- (12.) Let all votes be correctly counted; (*and our candidates counted in.*)
- (13.) We favor civil service reform; (*by expulsion of all men, not our friends, from office.*)
- (14.) Let all avenues to the public treasury be carefully guarded; (*by us.*)
- (15.) We favor retrenchment in expenditures; (*and retention of surpluses.*)
- (16.) We favor a sound currency; (*i. e., a currency of sound.*)
- (17.) We believe in addition to the public happiness; subtraction from the public miseries; multiplication of public benefits; (*and [between ourselves] division of public spoils.*)
- (18.) We believe in the political supremacy of the people, and will cheerfully submit to their guidance. (*Until after election.*)
- (19.) We believe the opposition to be wholly corrupt, and totally unworthy of confidence. (*The same boot fits us both.*)
- (20.) The American nation is a great nation; a mighty people; they lead the world, and can whip creation! The bird of freedom spreads his wings under all skies, and explores all latitudes! "*E. pluribus unum!*" Let the eagle scream! (*Buncombe.*)

Such was the platform. Leaving out the parentheses, (which really existed only in the minds of the members, and have never until now seen the light); and reading the resolutions as adopted, and as they were published the day following their adoption, all over the country, in town and hamlet, upon posters, bulletin-boards, and in the daily prints; what could possibly be more sublime in diction; more moral and ennobling, in sentiment? Does not every line, of every resolution, breathe christian love and philanthropy for the race, and undying devotion to the country? Is not the platform, as a whole, a grand monument of pure-minded statesmanship; self-sacrificing devotion to the public weal; and enthusiastic patriotism? Upon this platform, then, George Washington Brown and his friends took their stand; and from it they harangued the voters of every State in the Union, and enunciated with vigor the *great moral truths* therein contained; but, of course, said nothing about the *parenthetic explanations* mentally tacked on to the resolutions.

The leading political questions agitating the popular mind at the time of our friend's nomination, were the following: *Gold, or paper currency; free trade, or protection; sectarian, or non-sectarian schools; the continuance, or discontinuance of National banks; a war, or peace policy toward the wild Indians of the west; the rooting out, or toleration of Mormonism.*

Upon these questions there was universal debate,

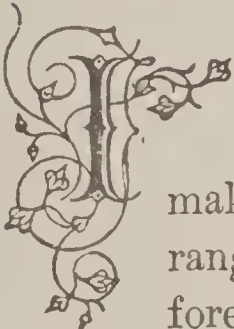
and in the solution of the difficulties they presented, every intelligent and thoughtful person felt deeply interested, yet reference to "*the party platform*" will show that not *one word* was contained therein upon these matters, nor the slightest reference made to them even incidentally. Why was this? For the simple reason that public sentiment, being divided upon these subjects, the convention could not *safely* take either side, for fear of losing ground with those holding contrary opinions, therefore they did what conventions always do in such cases, they "*dodged the question*," quietly *ignored* these matters, and dealt only in "*glittering generalities*," or "*buncombe*," and George Washington Brown and his co-laborers, in their political harangues, did likewise; and while they beat all around the bush, cracked jokes, spun funny yarns to make their audiences laugh, and talked "*spread-eagle*" and "*the star-spangled banner*" in abundance, they took good care never to face any one of these "*Political Sphinxes*," which lay crouched in the path, and were in no wise eager to attempt a solution of any of the riddles propounded by the said *ill-favored beasts*. We have before said that *tact* is an *indispensable attribute* to the successful politician; this is especially true when he ventures upon the rostrum in the role of "*Campaign Orator*." While upon this subject, let us briefly review the *modus operandi* of getting up a political meeting.

CHAPTER IX.

A POLITICAL MEETING.

“ Then he will talk — good gods ! how he will talk ! ”

“ Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
“ That ’tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.”

N the first place, the local party committee secures the hall, and makes all the necessary preliminary arrangements. Then for several days before the event, “ *the party press*,” calls attention in large capitals to the fact that upon a certain evening, “ *the Hon. Charles Augustus Muggins, M. C., late United States minister to England, etc., etc., will address the voters of the town upon the leading political questions of the day, and the coming election.*” When the evening arrives, a band is stationed at the door of the hall, and keeps up a terrific din of drums and wind instruments, while a large bonfire is lighted in the middle of the street, and is kept burning by the *gamins* of the neighborhood. Then the various “ *party* ” organizations of the town armed, with flaming torches and gaudy banners, march down to the hotel where the honorable gentleman is stopping, and escort him up to the hall, where he is ushered upon the platform with — “ *three cheers*

and a tiger." All around him, seated upon the rostrum, swarm the local representative men of the party, who, by their presence, it is supposed, will enhance the dignity of the occasion. One of these, rising from his seat, nominates another of the number (generally a fat and puffy individual), as chairman of the meeting, and having put the question, declares him "*elected,*" *without waiting for the vote.* The chairman thereupon takes his seat, when another gentleman, stepping forward, presents a long list of names (generally five hundred or so), *copied at random from the directory,* and headed with the names of about a dozen well-known men of "*the party.*" These persons he nominates as "*presidents of the meeting.*" The chairman puts the question, and as was done in his own case, declares them all "*elected,*" *without waiting for any expression of the popular sentiment.* A long list of "*vice-presidents*" and another of "*secretaries,*" are nominated, and are declared "*elected,*" in the same manner. Then the chairman rises, and having refreshed himself from the tumbler of water at his elbow, and having blown his nose with a flourish, proceeds to thank the audience for "*their very kind attendance, and their still greater kindness in having elected me as chairman of this meeting;*" declaring, (here he blows his nose again, and wipes his eyes), "*that to his dying day, he shall not forget this expression of their confidence.*" (Considering the manner of "*his election,*" some of the audience might feel disposed to cavil upon the question of "*confidence*" ;

but if any one should for a moment entertain such a thought, the evident *emotion* of the worthy gentleman restrains him.) He next indulges in a little tirade against "*the opposition*," and their candidate; goes off into a short rhapsody over "*our party*" and "*our nominee*," and ends up by a glowing eulogy upon "*the honorable gentleman and distinguished patriot, 'Charles Augustus Muggins,' whom he has now the honor to introduce.*"

Hon. "Charles Augustus Muggins" now rises, and softly rubbing the palms of his hands together in a deprecatory sort of way, advances to the front. He smiles benignly upon the assembled multitude, who greet him with cheers (*being led on by certain parties in the pay of the committee, and who are stationed in different parts of the hall for that purpose*), and then gracefully turning to the chairman, modestly thanks him for "*the very flattering, the too flattering, manner in which he has introduced me.*" He then begins his speech. A political speech of this kind usually occupies about two hours, and is made up of about half an hour's "*exordium*," consisting of *nothing in particular* — which the audience *bear with* because they are *fresh*; an hour and a half of bitter denunciation and ridicule of "*the opposition*" and their candidate (by the end of which time many seats are vacant); and half an hour's "*peroration*," made up of eulogistic reference to "*our party*," "*our candidate*," "*our country*," "*our eagle*," and "*buncombe*" generally. The whole is interspersed with very poor puns,

and threadbare jokes, which occasionally, (notwithstanding their shabbiness), extort a smile from the weary listeners. Even the shadow of a joke is, however, instantly applauded by the *paid* “cheerers,” whose evening’s pay and future employment depend upon their alertness, so that when the speech appears reported the following morning, it is interspersed with “*applause*,” “*cheers*,” “*laughter*,” “*great sensation*,” “*deafening applause*,” etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

Thus did our patriot and his party stump the country; and as all political speeches are alike, both in their matter and in their surroundings, we may as well, for the purpose of this history, consider “Hon. Charles Augustus Muggins,” as identical with our hero, George Washington Brown.

We have before quoted and indorsed the maxim — “*To the victors belong the spoils.*”

Now, in olden times the priests of the established faith always levied “*tithes*” upon any “*spoils*” captured by the believers. This system is still rigidly kept up and enforced at the present day, in politics. In every political campaign — whether county, State, or national — every person holding a political office, be it small or great, from the president down to the letter-carrier, is *taxed*, according to his salary, to meet the expenses of the campaign. The “big” officials generally “*come down*” freely, as a good speculation, much upon the same principle as they would buy

a ticket in a lottery. If they fail, then better luck next time ; if they win, they know it will not be difficult to *reimburse* themselves. With the small fry, the case is somewhat different. Fifty, or even twenty-five dollars, is a serious loss to a man supporting a family upon, say six or eight hundred dollars a year. But what can he do ? He refuses at his peril. It is "*Hobson's choice*" with him. Refuse to pay, and be kicked out ; or pay, and deny his family the common necessities of life for the next three months to make up for it ; and then, by the time he is nicely under way again, another election, and another taxation will be in order. Then again, if his party is beaten in the contest, he will, at any rate, have to give place to some other of the opposite political faith ; so he pays over his hard-earned savings with a groan, and tries to comfort himself with the reflection, that after all it is only what those above him are also obliged to do ; which is in fact true, only with a vast difference between the relative prices of the tickets, and the relative values of the prizes when gained.

CHAPTER X.

NECK AND NECK.

“ If we should fail ? ”—

“ We fail ? ”

“ But screw your courage to the sticking place,

“ And we’ll not fail.”



WHILE “ *the party* ” had thus been getting into position, and bringing their guns to bear, the enemy had not been idle. “ *The opposition* ” had also held a national convention, had adopted a platform, (similar to that of “ *the party*,” but of course, differently worded), and had nominated *their strongest man* to oppose our hero. The latter was bitterly denounced in all their papers, and by all their speakers, as “ *a political demagogue and tyrant, wholly corrupt, and wholly unworthy the confidence of the people.* ”

We have before described the State campaign when our friend ran for Governor, and was elected. *This* was but a repetition of *that*, only, the battle ground, instead of a single State, comprised the whole Union, and the greater importance of the occasion, developed more political feeling between the contending forces, and more excitement among the masses. As before, “ *Brown* ” was the idol of “ *the party*,” and *brown emblems* were conspicu-

ously worn by both men, women, and children of that faith. But, upon the other hand, "*Green*" (the opposition candidate), had an equal number of adherents, and *his* color was worn in equal abundance. The "*Brown*" faction ate *brown* bread, drank *brown* ale, wore *brown* clothes, slept under *brown* coverlids, dreamt of "*Brown*," talked of "*Brown*," reasoned from "*Brown's*" standpoint, and viewed every thing through *brown* spectacles. In like manner the "*Green*" faction regaled themselves upon *green* turtle, and their children upon *green* fruit, drank *green-seal* champagne, wore *Lincoln green* suits, wrote *green* sonnets, squinted through *green* glasses, talked *green*, looked *green*, and (so said Brown's friends), *acted green*. The preachers prayed "*Brown*" prayers or preached "*Green*" sermons, the theaters played "*Green*" plays, to "*Green*" audiences, with *green* actors, in *green* characters, gotton up in *green* rooms; or presented "*Brown*" tragedies, "*Brown*" comedies, and "*Brown*" ballets, upon stages hung with *brown* tapestry, and ornamented with scenes of *brown* autumn forests. The ladies wore *bright emerald*, or *brown agate* earrings, and, as before, carried dyed lap-dogs, of *green* or *brown*, to match their gloves and dresses of a like shade. The forests alternated between *green* and *brown*, and the *brown* waters of the Missouri, refused to mingle with the *pale green* of the Mississippi; all nature seemed to sympathize with the prevailing feeling, and choose sides with the respective parties.



THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

The contest was a *close* one ; the wrestlers were well matched. Sometimes Brown would make a mis-step and seem to stumble, and then again Green would stagger under a well directed blow from his adversary ; but each would in turn recover himself, and neither gave any sign of abandoning the field. As election day approached, business fairly stagnated ; shopkeepers lolled lazily behind their vacant counters ; the stock exchange was silent ; the gold room closed ; the whole male population thronged the streets, and clustered in excited groups of *green* or *brown* upon the corners. In the various drinking saloons, trade was lively, and rich harvests were reaped, making the proprietors wish that presidential campaigns were continuous, instead of only quadrennial. To the poor German and Irish voters it was a perfect *millennium*. For three whole days, before the day of election, all the restaurants and drinking places (each bearing its respective party color) were free to all comers, the party committees paying the expenses. Gluttony and drunkenness were universal, and the station houses were full every night ; but as each culprit had *a vote*, and always managed to appear before a justice of the *same political hue*, *no sentences were imposed*. The governors of several of the States, hoping thereby to *gain favor* for their respective parties with the *criminal classes* pardoned and discharged many hundred convicts from prison, and *restored them to citizenship*. Society had suddenly become chaotic, and confusion reigned

supreme. The day preceding the election, an edict was issued that all drinking places should be closed during the time the polls remained open, and the police were directed to enforce this rule. (This was of course *strictly done*. *The saloons all put up their blinds, closed their front doors, and conducted a thriving business all day through their side entrances, the police never venturing in that direction, unless when asked to refresh themselves at the expense of some half intoxicated voter.*)

For weeks before election, "*pools*" had been publicly auctioned every evening at all the principal hotels, and usually Brown sold over his opponent. Upon the evening before election day, however, so close did the chances seem, that the knowing ones began to "*hedge*," while inexperienced gamblers still bet money upon their favorites with reckless freedom. (Each bet being conditioned "*off till after election*," the purchasers of pools, if challenged at the polls, could all conscientiously swear that, "*they had not become directly or indirectly interested in any bet or wager, depending upon the result of said election*," and leading men all over the country, did not scruple to buy pools freely, with this understanding, and then subscribe to the above quoted *constitutional oath against wagers*.)

CHAPTER XI.

ELECTION DAY.

“Master, — wilt buy this sheep?”

“Thou liest, — naughty knave; ’tis not *a sheep*, ’tis a *dog*, — a vile, mangy dog.”

“Nay master, ’tis a *sheep*; I swear ’tis a *sheep*; a good fat sheep; ’tis no dog.”



THE last the eventful day dawned; the sun rose; the polls opened. In every town throughout the country the ward politicians were up and stirring, having each slept “*with one eye open*,” and for the other, used an “*eye opener*.” They now besieged the polls, each wearing a *brown* or *green* favor in his button-hole, and carrying in his hand a number of printed ballots for distribution. The ballot usually used, was a brown or green strip of paper, printed with the names of the regularly nominated electors, of the party represented by the color of the paper. So long as this rule was strictly adhered to, there was no danger of the *least educated* voter falling into error, as he would not be apt to vote a *green* ballot in mistake for a *brown* one, or *vice versa*. But the trouble was, that each party had slyly procured samples of their opponent’s ballots, and the “Brown” faction had carefully imitated the “Green” ballots both as to color and general

appearance, the only difference being, (*no difference at all to a man who could not read*), that only the first two or three names heading the list of "Green" electors had been retained, the others having given place to a corresponding number of the "Brown" nominees. Thus even an educated, but careless voter, (though cautioned to beware of *frauds*), upon opening his ballot, and seeing the first two or three names correct, would be very apt to assume that they were all so, and read no further. The "Green" party had done likewise by the "Brown" ballot, and the only protection left to the honest voter, outside his own native sagacity, was the keen vigilance with which the members of each party watched the other. Each knowing themselves to be capable of *any meanness* which might seem to promise an advantage, naturally suspected their opponents of *like practices*, and were well warranted in so doing. In both *love* and *war*, all enterprises are said to be perfectly fair, and proper, *so long as successfully accomplished*; and were not all these — modern "*Lochinvars*," *in love with the people, and at war with corruption*; as symbolized by the party in *opposition to them*?

To the livelong credit of both parties let it here be said, that neither *bribery* nor *intimidation* were *openly* practiced. Of these offences the law always takes cognizance, (*after election*), and woe to the unlucky wretch who is found *guilty*. If tried before a judge of the *opposite* political color, he is severely punished as an example and warning to

all of the same faith ; if before one of *his own shade*, he fares even *worse*, being then punished unmercifully upon the theory of *Chinese castigation of thieves, for having been so unskillful as to be caught*. Whenever a *bonus*, therefore, was offered, or taken, the parties modestly withdrew around some neighboring corner, or entered the side door of the adjacent groggery, where, over sundry glasses of ale, etc., — *buttons, jack-knives, and pieces of old rope*, changed hands at *unheard of prices*. *Intimidation* went no further than *hoarse whispers in the ear*, and *savage signs*, such as striking the right fist forcibly upon the left palm, or drawing the first dexter finger, significantly across the throat.

At last, it was all over. The Sun set, the polls closed, the people rushed home, swallowed each a hasty supper, and again thronged down town, to glean news of the result, as best they might, from the unreliable reports, which, from time to time, appeared upon the bulletin-boards, of the respective newspapers. We may as well mention here, that while the respective *party* newspapers had kept up a great show of *animosity* toward each other, all through the campaign, and while their respective editors when *now* interviewed by the eager voters, showed outward signs of *patriotic excitement* bordering upon *insanity*, yet the contest being a *close* one, they had, weeks before, (*when conning over and correcting each other's manuscript editorials, as was their wont*), come to a quiet understanding, that *whichever party won*,

the profits upon all government jobs awarded to the press representative of the successful party, should be *equally divided*. Public sentiment and party necessities, compelled them to appear *before the world as bitter enemies* ; but why should this enmity be carried into *private life* ? *Before the footlights*, Montague and Capulet are at *swords points* ; *behind the scenes* they are usually *close friends*, and not infrequently children of the same parents, both nursed at the same breast. We have before intimated, that the masses are regarded as *mere children* by the politicians, and as such it has been admitted that their preceptors are justified in occasionally using a little *mild deceit* toward them. Let us now add further that the masses *like* to be deceived, and are willing to *pay well for a humbug*. How otherwise could “*political ranters*” gain office, or dealers in *quack nostrums* make fortunes ? The people *demand* these things and they get them. The bigger the humbug, the greater the bargain. There are plenty of them to choose from. “*You pay your money, and you take your choice.*”

But my worthy “*Bumpkin*,” because you expect *your* editor to “pitch into” the *opposition* editor upon all occasions and upon the slightest provocation, you must not expect that he will not meet him (*sub rosa*, of course), in the evening, and over a friendly glass of wine *compare manuscripts for the next day’s issue* ; at the same time each calling the other’s attention to some choice bit of sarcasm or invective, and *suggesting a fitting answer there-*



"THE RIVAL (PARTY) EDITORS"

to; both shaking their sides with glee over your, and your companions' credulity. Well, what of it? "All the world's a stage," and did you, my worthy friend, *see behind the scenes*, you would lose all interest in the play. So, unless you propose to turn philosopher or cynic, (both of which professions render but a poor living to the practitioner), you had better try to believe that all the gods, goddesses and nymphs, are what they appear to be; and that "all *is* gold that glitters."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RESULT.

“ Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home ?

“ What tributaries follow him to Rome,

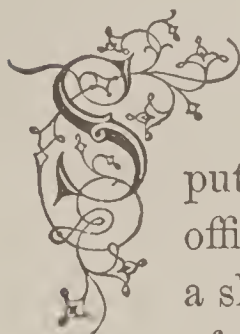
“ To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ? ”

“ Begone !

“ Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

“ Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,

“ That needs must light on this ingratitude.”



LOWLY the returns came in. Toward midnight a large camera was put in operation at one of the newspaper offices, and the figures were flashed upon a sheet suspended upon the opposite side of the street. As Brown, or his opponent, seemed to have carried a State, deafening cheers rang out from their respective adherents, while humorous and sarcastic remarks and allusions were freely indulged in upon both sides. Even at this late hour many bets were offered and taken, so evenly did the scales stand. At last, however, the tide began to set in one direction, and the figures to swell up in favor of the “ Brown ” party. Odds were now freely offered upon Brown, with but few takers, and by the time morning broke, enough was known to render it certain that “ *the party* ” had been successful, and that Brown

would hold a winning majority in the electoral college. Brown and his party were bright and jubilant, while Green and his associates were correspondingly wilted and depressed. Is it not ever thus, in the race of life? The exultation of one shadows the disappointment of another. "*Homo homini lupus*," and the feast of the victor heralds the death-agony of the vanquished. In due time the electoral college met; the result was already assured; and George Washington Brown was formally declared elected "President of the United States of America."

We have before endeavored to convey some faint idea of the general rejoicing, upon the occasion of our hero's election as Governor; but to describe the scene following his election to the "CHIEF MAGISTRACY OF THE NATION," we confess *exceeds our powers*; in fact, it fairly "*beggared all description*." For every person thronging the streets, upon the former occasion, there now seemed ten thousand. Where on earth do all the people come from? was a question propounded by each individual to himself, throughout that whole, heaving, seething mass of humanity; and the only possible way to obtain an answer, was for each to answer his own question for himself, of himself, to himself; and the aggregate of all these answers would most surely be the correct solution of the problem. But how to collect the answers so as to make them available? Well, we admit, *there* we are slightly at a loss.

From elegant brown-stone mansions upon patrician avenues, where wealth and luxury grease the lazy wheels of Time's chariot; from tenements and vile slums, where misery and want breed vice and crime; from palatial hotels and club-rooms, where the favored of Fortune smoke their fragrant Havanas, and drink their costly wines; from dark, damp arches of the river bridge, where the vagrant, the outcast, and the water-rat, burrow together from the night air; from the highest to the lowest, rich and poor, old man and young maiden; all turned out to witness and share in the universal rejoicing at the election, to the presidential chair, of George Washington Brown — "*the people's friend*." The scene was grand, impressive, exhilarating, in the extreme. The houses were all illumined with Chinese lanterns, and hung with many-hued banners. The figure of Justice upon the court-house, and that of Washington in the public square, were both crowned with laurel. The church bells rang merry chimes; the roar of cannon was deafening; the troops marched, the bands played, and the people shouted; the sky was bright with rockets, and the earth, with many-colored fires; the senses were fairly bewildered with glare and smoke, and a confusion of discordant sounds wholly indescribable. In fact, a stranger, dropping suddenly into the midst, might have imagined that *all Pandemonium* had broken loose, and was celebrating a "*Centennial Fourth*

of July." Even *thus*, does our national patriotism ever find vent.

The passage of our hero to Washington, was a series of ovations. He traveled by special train, and wherever he stopped, crowds thronged the platforms to obtain a sight of "*the people's champion*," "*the people's friend*," "*the friend of the workingman*;" for by these titles he ever *loved to be known*; and surely, he was but *known* to be loved. The mayor, who had the honor of addressing him, and shaking hands with him, was an object of veneration to all his fellow-townsmen for long after, and *snubbed* them all accordingly; while the urchin who captured a *cigar stub* he threw out of the window, received five dollars from a dealer in curiosities for this "*treasure trove*."

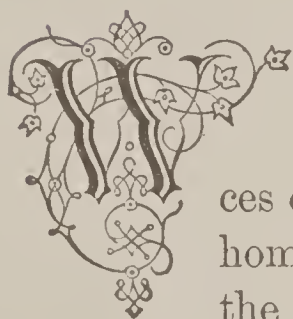
At his destination, he was received by an immense concourse of citizens, and was escorted to the capitol by a guard of honor, with arms glittering, banners flying, and bands playing alternately, "Hail to the chief," and "Yankee Doodle." Truly he entered upon his presidential duties under brilliant auspices.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DIVISION OF SPOILS, AND A DISAGREEMENT.

“Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
“As the weird women promised; and I fear
“Thou play’dst most foully for’t.”

“With this there grows,
“In my most ill-compos’d affection, such
“A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
“I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
“Desire his jewels, and this other’s house;
“And my more-having would be as a source
“To make me hunger more.”



WE have thus followed our hero through all the changes and chances of an eventful life—from his attic home in Baxter street, New York, to the White House at Washington. We have seen him patiently and laboriously mounting the political ladder from rung to rung, until now he stands upon the very *apex*, and looks down, mayhap with something akin to disdain, upon the scenes of his early struggles. Would that our history could end here, and that we could leave him, calm and happy, resting upon the summit of his ambition. But it may not be. As faithful historians, we must continue our tale, even at the risk of ruining our hero.

We have before intimated that our patriot was not without enemies. Who has them not? So long as a man remains in obscurity, he may be comparatively safe; but let him aspire to a position above his fellows, and the tongues of the envious will at once assail him. So it was with our hero. He had gained the prize for which he had struggled all through life, and the hour of his success marked the beginning of his downfall. Notwithstanding the fact that *his party held a majority* in both houses of the national legislature, yet "*the opposition*" minority counted among their ranks some of the ablest men in the country — old political stagers, who were not likely to let any chance of turning the tide, escape them. Worse still! Several of these very men had been turned out of government offices by our friend, upon his accession to power, and in consequence cherished toward him the most bitter personal feeling; and worse than all, *there was disaffection in the party ranks*. It was ere long noised abroad that an effort would be made to impeach the president.

The charges brought against him were paltry in the extreme, and even if proved, did not warrant the course proposed, being all well justified by numerous precedents established by several noted former chief magistrates. They were simply the following:

CHARGES AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.

1. *Having appointed all his sons, brothers, uncles, cousins, brothers-in-law, and wife's cousins (in all some five hundred persons), to office, in exclusion of other worthy members of the party.*
2. *Selling political offices to incompetent persons.*
3. *Speculating in stocks, and using his position to control the market.*
4. *Being special partner in a lithographic establishment, where counterfeiting treasury notes was extensively carried on.*
5. *Being connected with certain schemes to defraud the government of revenue.*
6. *Being "particeps criminis," in certain lottery swindles.*
7. *Attending church while drunk, and disturbing the congregation; also, openly gambling in a faro bank, upon the Sabbath.*
8. *Habitually attending cock-fights, prize-fights, and horse races, and neglecting his official duties in consequence.*
9. *Bribery and intimidation of voters at the polls.*
10. *Hiring out the army and navy to a foreign power, and pocketing the proceeds.*

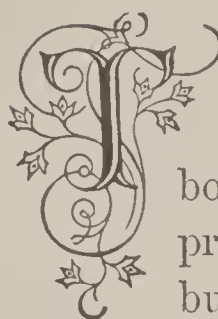
Now a careful review of these charges, will show to what *flimsy extremities* the enemies of our hero were put, in order to make even the *most superficial* case against him. Take, for example, the first. Do not our presidents always provide for their families, and are they not justified in so doing? Does not St. Paul say, "*He that provideth not for his own, and especially they of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?*" And surely a wife's relations may also be reckoned in.

The second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth charges are all *equally frail*; for unless *some profit* attached to the office, who would take the trouble to run for president? The same remark will apply equally well to the tenth charge, with this addition, that as the constitution makes the president, "*commander-in-chief of the army and navy*," he surely has a right to make such disposition of them, as he shall see fit, during his term of office. The remaining charges were evidently merely "*make-weights*," the offenses charged showing nothing more than a trifling exuberance of animal spirits; and it is well-known that recreations of this kind have always been constantly indulged in by our most noted public men as *necessary relaxation* after *their laborious labors*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOWNFALL.

“ Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
“ This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
“ The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
“ And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
“ The third day comes a frost — a killing frost ;
“ And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
“ His greatness is a ripening — nips his root, —
“ And then he falls as I do.”

HE party” having, as we have previously remarked, a clear majority in both houses, the effort to impeach the president would have been wholly futile, but for the *disaffection* prevailing among his own political clan, which we have before hinted at. *What* had given rise to this feeling ? The question is fully answered by a reference to the charges brought against him. “ *To the victors belong the spoils.*” But it is not considered fair that *one individual* should pocket the *lion’s share*, simply because *he* has the *first* opportunity. *Piracy may be*, and doubtless *is*, under some circumstances, a highly respectable and praise-worthy occupation, but surely the skipper would be very short-sighted, not to say culpable, who should appropriate to *himself* all the best portions of the

cargo, and expect *his men* to rest satisfied with the refuse. It would not take a prophet to foresee that the result of such a course would certainly be great dissatisfaction, and very probably mutiny. *This* was our friend's great mistake, and for *this* he suffered. Had he not allowed *the intoxication of opportunity*, to overcome him; had he but contented himself with a *fair share* of the public plunder, and have equitably divided the remainder, no jealousies, nor bickerings, would have been aroused; no charges would have been brought; he would have retained the proud eminence he had won; and have very probably been *re-elected* for a *second* or even a *third* term. Loved and respected by all, he would have gone down to the grave mourned alike by the people whom he had swindled, and his associates, with whom he had shared the spoils. His bust would have filled a niche in the national gallery; and his monument, supported by *four columns of marble* and *eight columns of virtues*, would have adorned the public park. His memory would have hung like a grateful aroma around the footsteps of his descendants, inciting them to like patriotic lives; and his children would each have received that best of all inheritances, — the legacy of a noble name, *and a snug sum in the five per cents.*

But why waste time in idle fancies, as to “what might have been?” That is all past; and now let us hurry forward over this most dismal portion of our narrative — this burial-ground of happiness

— this “abomination of desolation” — this modern “Golgotha” — this “Curtian gulf.”

Alas ! that we should be obliged to record the fact, yet why should we hesitate ? Have there not been *martyrs* in all countries and in all ages ? Was not the French patriot Marat assassinated, and his companion Robespierre guillotined ; and was not the *eminent* and *honorable* Judge Jeffreys allowed to perish miserably in the tower of London ? There can be committed no enormity so great, but history will furnish a parallel. *Our hero was impeached.* Yes, amazing as it may seem, George Washington Brown, “the people’s candidate,” “the people’s friend,” “the people’s champion,” “the child of the people,” and “the father of the people,” was impeached for “high crimes and misdemeanors,” alleged to have been committed *against* “the people.” What a mockery of terms ; to call the granting a petty consulship to a wife’s second cousin ; or the farming out of the army and navy, (of which he was, by the national constitution, expressly made “*the commander-in-chief*”), “high crimes and misdemeanors ;” truly, it was absurd ; *wholly* past comprehension ; *almost* past belief.

The day of trial came, and our hero, crushed beneath the load of his unmerited misfortunes, was required to answer this *mockery of an indictment*. Awaking as it were from the lethargy which had seemingly oppressed him, he sprang suddenly to his feet, and boldly looking his inquisitors in the face, proclaimed the charges “*true in every par-*

ticular." He then quoted to them precedent upon precedent, extending through many long years, where not only presidents, but members of congress, and government, and State officials, of every grade, had done as he had done. He recalled to their recollections, numerous instances wherein many of *his then present judges*, had defrauded and cheated the people, in a manner at once *transparent*, and *unskillful*, which *he* would scorn; and in the face of these facts he dared them to *do their worst*.

Cowed by the force of the tremendous counter-charges he iterated against them (but so much the more determined upon destroying him), his inquisitors remained mute. Seeing no sign of their relenting, he determined upon one more effort, and, as a last resort, offered *a compromise*. He offered to surrender to them *one-half* of all he had so far made while president, and to *divide equally for the future*. This proposition (made of course *sub rosa*), was a tempting one, and seemed to strike many of the members very favorably; but after a brief consultation, the older heads declared themselves opposed to it. They said, "*the thing might leak out, and do damage among the people, who are already inclined to suspect all is not quite right in political circles. Some one must be sacrificed to keep up appearances; he has been unfaithful to his party in the division of spoils, let his be the head.*" The question was put, the vote counted, and the office of "President of the United States of America" was again vacant.

CHAPTER XV.

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE ENFORCED.

“ Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small ;

“ Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.”

“ But soon a wonder came to light,

“ That showed the rogues they lied ;

“ The *man* recover'd of the bite,

“ The *dog* it was that died.”



AND how did all this strike “*the free, independent and enlightened press,*” of the country? Truly, the ruin of our hero, was a godsend to the editors, “*his great loss was their eternal gain,*” and furnished them with editorial matter for the ensuing three months, and with material for *party squibs* for the next three years. The tone of “*the party*” press rose in sublime dignity to the level of the occasion. “Behold! *our party* hesitates not to strike at corruption, whenever or wherever it is met with, even though buried deeply within *our own vitals*. *Our party* shrinks from no duty, no matter *what* the consequence. Our pledge given to the people, is sacred as the vow of heroic Jephthah; *our nearest* and *our dearest* may prove the victim, but we flinch

not, swerve not, the axe must fall; *aye! let it fall, even though the sacrifice be our own right hand, or our own head.*"

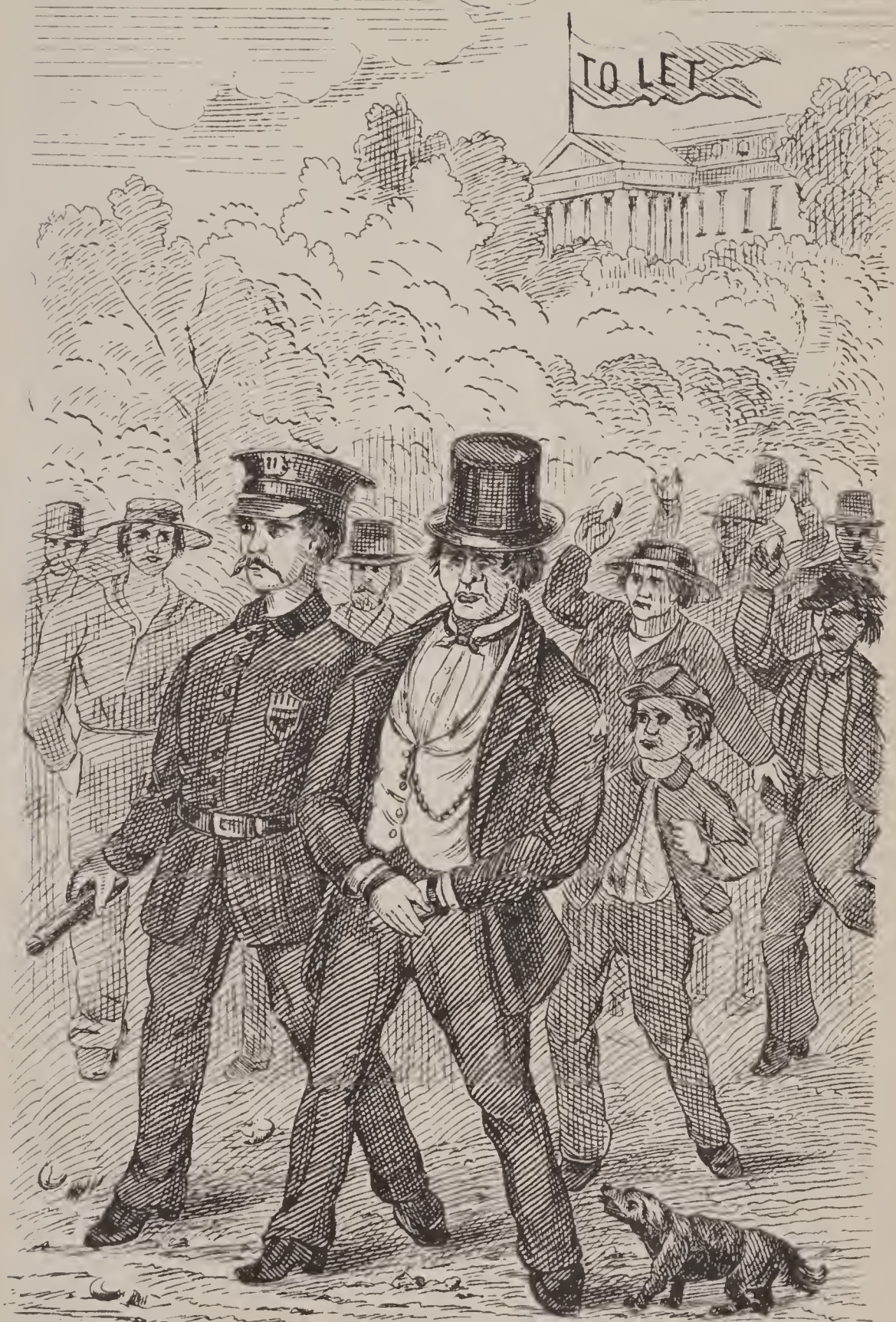
Upon the other hand the "*opposition*" papers "*pitched in*" in lively style. They made puns, wrote epitaphs, and sang satirical sonnets upon poor unfortunate Brown, and the party which had elected him. Lampoons and caricatures upon Brown and his unfortunate adherents, graced every stall, and were sold at every corner. "*The party*" was denounced as *wholly corrupt*, and Brown the fitting and typical representative of the men who composed it. In a word, "*the opposition*" tried with all their might, to make political capital out of Brown's misfortunes, and endeavored to erect their own temple over the ruins of "*the party*" "*Olympia.*"

Among the masses, Brown stock was also at a sad discount. Brown hats were no longer fashionable, brown silks could be obtained for a mere song, while all the brown poodles were immediately *re-dyed* to some other color, or else drowned. The name of Brown was a by-word, a disgrace, and the "*brown blacking*" manufacturer became bankrupt, and committed suicide. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" Up to-day, and down to-morrow; so runs the whirligig of time.

At the very first whisper of the institution of these proceedings, our friend had taken the precaution to make over all his property to his wife.

That was safe, and being pretty considerable in amount, he felt comparatively independent of public opinion. So long as certain matters connected with his early life, were not brought to light, he could afford to snap his fingers at fortune. But alas! "*troubles never come singly,*" and hardly had our hero reached home, after his expulsion from the presidential chair, when he was waited upon by a detective, who facetiously informed him, that the governor of New York State sent his respects to "*the late president,*" and desired to see him *immediately upon important business.* At the same time he exhibited a requisition from the functionary named, calling for the arrest of "one George Washington Brown, otherwise known as *Bully Brown,* an escaped convict from Albany Penitentiary, and late 'President of the United States of America.'" The chase was up, the quarry run down; the sword of Damocles, so long suspended over his head, had fallen. That unfinished contract for the manufacture of army shoes, which had haunted him all through his political career, was about to be enforced; he mentally "threw up the sponge," submitted to the handcuffs with as good grace as he could muster, and was led away, followed by a hooting crowd.

That night he left the capital, a solitary manacled convict, followed by the jibes and jeers of the same rabble which only a year before had so loudly applauded him upon his triumphal entry, as the "CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE NATION." Alas! for



"SPECIAL PERFORMANCE ENFORCED" (OUR LATE PRESIDENT.)

the instability of earthly honors ! His enemies had done their worst. They had discovered the hidden joint in his harness, and had penetrated it. Who is wholly invincible ? Even Achilles has a vulnerable heel, and the strength of Sampson is shorn by the scissors of Delilah.

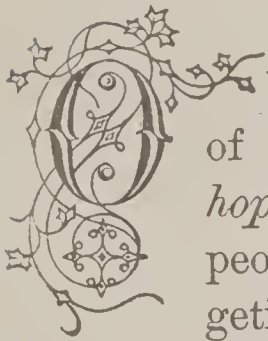
CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

" Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
" Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
" Princes and lords may flourish or may fade :
" A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
" But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
" When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

" Age, thou art sham'd !

" Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods."



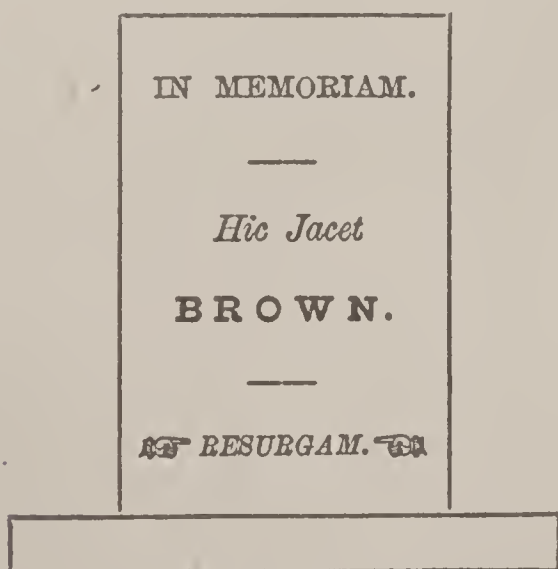
OUR story is ended ; will the memory of it last beyond the reading? We *hope* it may, but are *not sanguine*. Our people are active, enterprising, energetic ; but unfortunately have very short memories. So forgetful are they in fact, that probably few, if any, of the readers of this little history will remember either the character here portrayed, his rise, his progress, his fame, or his fall. Some may be disposed to scoff at it, as a pure creation of a disordered imagination ; and yet so numerous are his progeny, that at this very day his children are to be found holding office in every State of the Union.

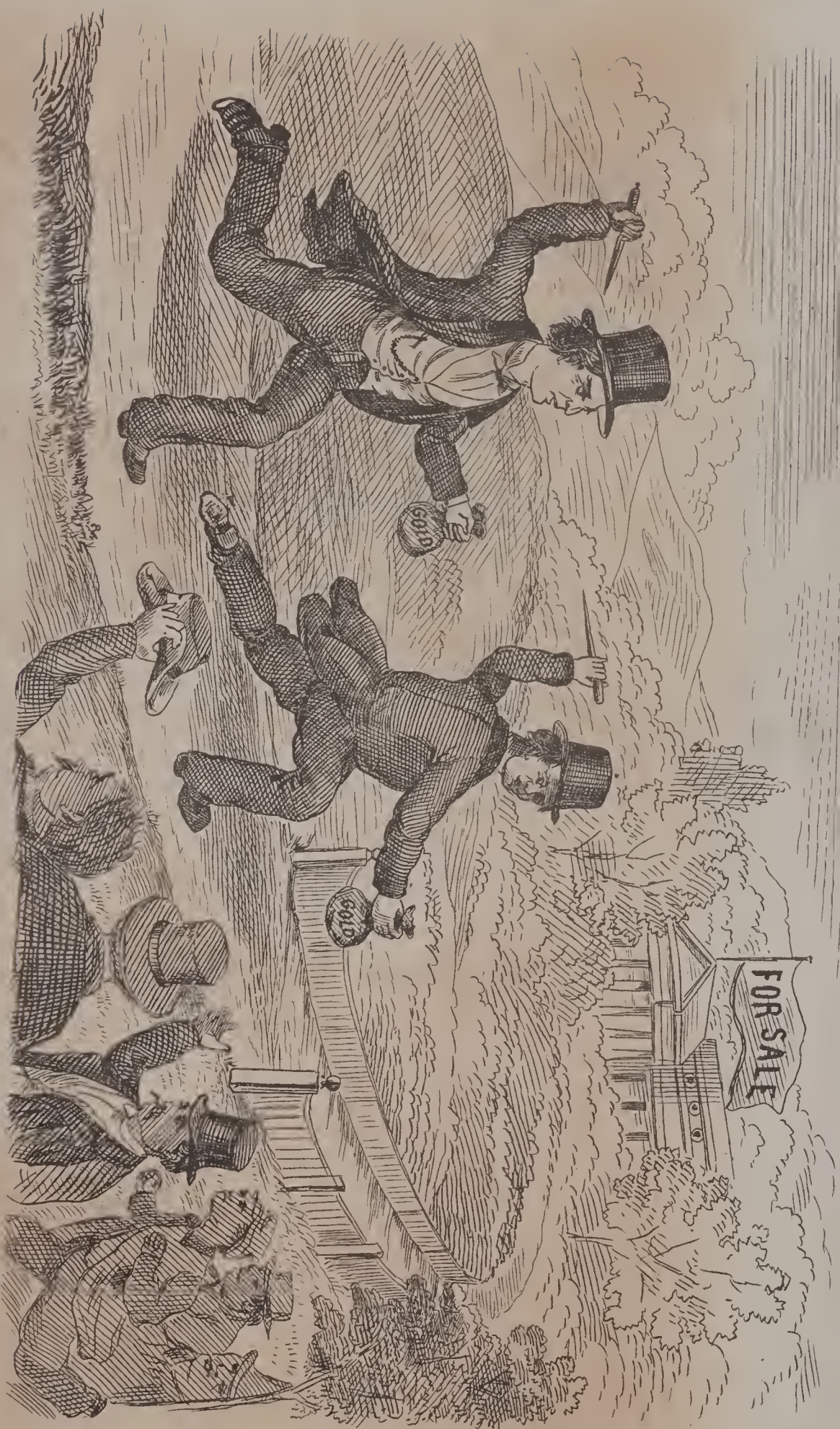
Unfortunately for the people, these persons do not acknowledge their parentage and are in the habit of traveling under *other names* to avoid

detection; but they all bear a strong resemblance to their progenitor, and, like him, they all profess to be *earnest lovers of the working man*, and *earnest workers for his welfare*.

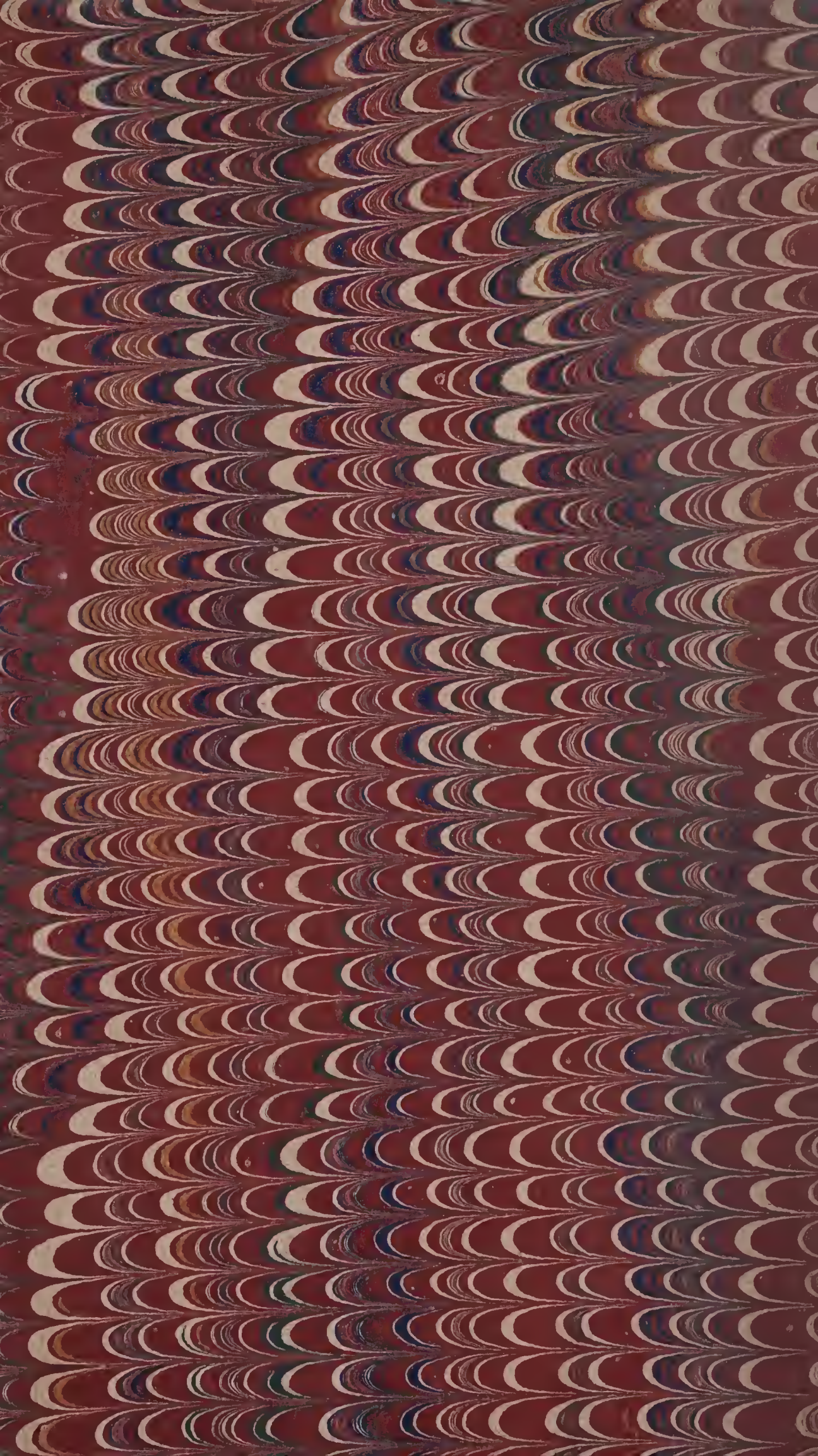
So forgetful are the people, that if at some future time "George Washington Brown" shall again demand their suffrages, we doubt if they will not again return him to office. This, however, is *their* business, not *ours*. We have fulfilled our duty as faithful historians, and having followed our hero through many curious scenes, and strange adventures, are pleased to leave him (at least for the present), in a place of safety.

We will now, with the kind permission of our audience, ring down the curtain, and put out the lights. Truly "Lazarus is dead," yet, "*He rests in the hope of a glorious resurrection. Look out for him.*"





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